

## Chickens Lay By Electric Light; Board Away From Home In Winter

Tanana, Alaska, Wants Railroad—Citizens Are Boosters, Despite the Rigors of Arctic Winters—Form Betting Pools On Ice Breaks in River.

—BY—  
Frank G. Carpenter  
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TANANA, Alaska, Sept. 16.—I am in the very heart of Alaska. Tanana claims to be the hub of the territory. It is a little town lying on the right bank of the Yukon just about half way between the Pacific and Arctic oceans, and half way down the Yukon on its course from the international boundary at Eagle to the north, where it flows out into Behring sea near the town of St. Michael. I have come 800 miles down the river from Canada on my way to this point, and I have 800 miles more to go before I can get the little steamer that will take me over Behring sea to Nome. Just opposite where my steamer is anchored is the mouth of the Tanana river. It is a wide, sluggish stream, having a course of something like 600 miles from the Wrangell mountains to where it flows into the Yukon. It will take me two days of steaming to go up it to Fairbanks, where the terminus of Uncle Sam's new railroad is to be.

**Want Railroad to Tanana.**  
The people here think that the railroad should be extended to Tanana. They claim that the Tanana river is not deep enough for large steamers, and its sand bars and islands affect navigation. They say that if the road were so constructed as to cross the Yukon at the rapids about 35 miles above here, the cost of bridging would be extremely low, and the road could then be run down the north bank of the river, and opening up a vast region lying to the west and north of the Yukon. This region has some of the richest placer deposits of Alaska, including those of the Koyukuk river, where on several occasions as much as \$10,000 worth of quartz gold has been found. The foot of a shaft eight or 10 feet in depth. They assert that such a road would also open up the great farming possibilities of interior Alaska and would give direct access to the Yukon and its enormous tributary system.

**Has Room for Population.**  
There is no doubt that Tanana can offer room for all the population she may have in the future. The corporate limits at present are large enough to give an acre to every man, woman and child and leave some to spare. The town has 400 population, and it is scattered along the water front for more than a mile. At the lower end of it begins the army post of Fort Gibson, which extends three miles farther, and which has a government reservation of 60 square miles.

The town consists of the post and the civil community. The latter has two churches, three hotels, six saloons and several large mercantile establishments. It has also a public school and a movie show. The buildings are of logs and burlap, and the place on the whole is the largest and most prosperous of all on the Yukon river proper.

**No Real Darkness in Summer.**  
The people of Tanana are enthusiastic Alaskans. They have a number of commerce, consisting of boomers. There have a camp of the Arctic Brotherhood and a local organization known as the Loyal Order of the Moose. Talk to them about their village and they will make you think it a paradise as beautiful as the vale of Kashmir and as salubrious as Los Angeles. I asked Judge Delin, the United States commissioner, who has been here 12 years, what he thought of the climate. He replied:

"I like it and I keep healthy and happy summer and winter. Our summer, which lasts from May until the middle of September, are more delightful than those of any part of the states. The thermometer ranges from 45 to 50 degrees above zero, and for the most of the time there is scarcely an hour that you cannot stand wide open doors. From June 15 to the 10th of July there is no real darkness, even at midnight."

**Live On Ice Blocks in Winter.**  
"How about your winters?" I asked. "The man who went away from here said that he was a little milder in a hard winter and after that three months of bad sleighing is a liar. Our winter starts in about Oct. 1, when the thermometer drops to 15 degrees above zero."

At that time the ground freezes and remains solid all winter. The frost goes down to the bed of glacial ice that lies under a great part of Alaska, and as far as we know, we live on a solid ice block for seven months of the year. The frost goes only through the moss and mud, which is 10 inches or more deep, and where you fall up the mud you find the ground below frozen solid. If you clear off the moss and the mud, it will thaw down to eight or 10 feet, but in the winter such ground seems to freeze from the top and the bottom until it connects. The frost begins to go out of the ground about May 1 when the hot sun thaws the ice. It is then that summer begins."

**Zero Falls to 73.**  
"Give me some idea of your winter weather? It must be terribly cold." "Not so bad. Not so bad," said Judge Delin. "The weather keeps growing colder and colder from October on until it gets down to 15 degrees below zero. It holds that average throughout the winter, although it now and then falls to 40 and even 60 degrees below. I have seen it down to 73. Zero is not winter weather, and we do not consider 15 degrees below that point uncomfortable. At such time we wear our ordinary winter clothing and take off our coats if we are at hand manual labor. I came here from Canton, Ohio. Fifteen degrees below zero on the Yukon is not as cold as 15 above in Ohio. Our air is dry and we do not feel the cold."

"Besides," continued Judge Delin, "our houses keep out the cold. They are made of logs, chinked with arctic moss. The warmest building I have is my log chicken house, which is lined and coiled with a framework, the space between being filled with shavings. I keep an air-tight stove going in it, and my hens lay all winter."

I went out with the judge to see his chickens. He had 50, mostly Rhode Island Reds and Plymouth Rocks. He sells his pure bred fowls at \$5 a piece, and he gets \$1.50 and upward a dozen for eggs.

**Sells Eggs at \$5 Dozen.**  
Speaking of chickens, I have been greatly interested in how they are handled in these cold countries of the far north. We brought 800 blooded fowls on our ship down the Yukon. They had come from Seattle, and were assigned to a man in Fairbanks. They are still on the ship, and will go up the Tanana river tomorrow. At Dawson I met Chicken Billy, who at one time had 500 chickens, and who has sold eggs in the winter for as much as \$5 a dozen. I have already written of Swift Water Bill, who cornered the egg market of the Klondike, buying it at \$1.50 a dozen and selling it at \$2.50 a dozen. I have heard other stories almost as interesting. For instance, the chickens imported from the states have to have their days made of the same proportions of light and darkness as at home before they will lay. I heard of a man at Circle, who imported a lot of fowls from the states with the idea of starting a chicken farm. After a week or so they grew droopy. They lost flesh and he got no eggs whatever. He was then told the chickens were suffering from lack of sleep. He was told to keep them up all night, and he did so for 24 hours. The chickens had no sunset to mark their bedtime, and they kept on scratching gravel all night. The man decided to put them in darkened coops at 8 p. m. and keep them so until morning. The hens at once regained their old vigor and began to drop "ranch eggs," which sold for several dollars a dozen. I am told that the coops must be lighted during the long dark days of the winter in order to make the coops lay.

**Chickens "Board" in Winter.**  
In the past few years there has been a craze in Alaska in favor of the "chicken board." Most of the residents have been keeping chickens and raising their own eggs. At first many kept the chickens throughout the summer and sold them as cold weather came on to save the expense of warming and lighting the coops during the long winter nights. They would then import a second flock for the following summer. To-day it is the custom to care for your chickens in summer and put them out to board in the winter. In Dawson and Fairbanks there are cold storage plants where chickens are cared for at a regular rate. The usual price for boarding a hen is \$1 per season, and this includes feeding and keeping in a well warmed and well lighted coop. The eggs and during the winter go to the landlord. As soon as the warm weather comes on the owner takes back his chickens and is thus able to raise broilers and pullets and at the same time have plenty of eggs.

**Chicken Killing Time Interesting.**  
Another interesting feature is chicken killing time. This corresponds somewhat with hog killing time in the states. When the weather gets cold it stays cold all winter. The thermometer goes down to below zero and the whole country is a cold storage plant until spring. This makes it so that meat can be kept in a frozen state throughout the winter. Each householder having decided how many chickens she will put out to board, kills the balance. She cleans and dresses them and hangs them out of doors or in an unheated building. They freeze solid the first night and can then be laid away in a cold place and be brought in to be eaten as needed. I know of one woman who has now 100 chickens. She will keep them till fall, when \$9 will be killed and the remainder be put out to board. That woman is sure of good chicken all winter, and the meat will be far better than that from our cold storage plants. In Dawson a butcher told me how they managed to have fresh meat all winter long. Said he:

"We bring our beef and mutton in on the hoof before navigation closes, and keep them until about the middle of October, after which time we are sure of a steady cold until spring. We then kill and dress them and hang them out of doors just as you hang up hives in a cold storage plant. We then lay away and thaw them out as the market demands. We freeze caribou and moose the same way. Last year one of the butchers froze a caribou with the skin and horns on, and just as it looked when alive. He stood the carcass out in front of his shop, and used it for a sign."

**Ice Freezes Five Feet Thick.**  
Among other strange cold weather features of this part of the world is the watching the ice in the river to see when it will form; how deep it will freeze, and when it will go out in the spring. One of the river captains tells me he has measured the ice of the Yukon frozen in at times five feet thick. In the ordinary season the ice on the main part of the stream is only two and one half or three feet deep, and the water flows beneath it. The ice forms the great highway of travel in winter weather. I asked this captain to tell me more about the ice on the Yukon. He replied:

"Navigation opens at Dawson between the 6th and the 16th of May, and it usually closes about the 25th of October. Long before the center of the river freezes the ordinary season a strip of ice along the shores and banks of the river begins to form. As the cold weather continues, the ice extends farther and farther out, until the channel grows so narrow that the steamers cannot make their way through. The floating makes ice in the river, and at last they make barges at the narrow places and form solid ice there. As winter settles down into a steady cold, the whole river is frozen from bank to bank, and it is so solid that you can run a train of cars over it."

The most interesting time on the Yukon," continued the captain, "is when the ice breaks up in the spring. That on the upper part of the river breaks first, and pushes its way down the stream, breaking the other ice as it goes. The boats start in behind the ice and move along as fast as they can, and sometimes small boats start in the ice. The water never freezes again after it once melts, for we then have the long days and the sunshiny nights of the summer."

**Get On Ice Breaks.**  
I asked the captain to tell me about the betting on the ice breaks. His reply: "That is most exciting," was his reply. "All along the Yukon the people bet when the great ice break will occur. They organize pools at Dawson and Fairbanks, and large sums are lost and won at the whim of Jack Frost. At Dawson they bet on the ice break in the middle of the Yukon and erect a pole about four inches thick, and 20 feet high. This freezes solid. Then they fasten one end of a wire cable to the top of the pole, and the other end to an electric stop clock set to standard time on the shore. The pole is then moved the pole the clock stops, and that moment marks the record of the beginning of the running of the ice. It decides all bets, and after it all bets are off. At the time the clock stops a steam whistle is blown, and every one knows the hour and minute of the record. The usual date is about May 10, the time when corn is planted in the middle states, and spring it was variable. The clock stopped May 5, at three minutes past 10, and the ice moved down stream the length of a city block, and jammed the water back, and overflowing the beach in front of the town."

**Betting Pool Has Many Subscribers.**  
The usual betting pool at Dawson has 60 subscribers, the captain continued, "and the amount each puts in is \$5 or it may be as high as \$100, so that the pool as a whole may have as much as \$6000. After a pool has been formed, 60 slips of paper, bearing the numbers from one to 60, are put in a hat. Each number represents a minute of the hour, and the man who gets the minute shown by the stop watch as the flood reaches Dawson is given the purse. Bets are also made on the day of the month and week, and upon the hour of the day, at which the whistle will blow. In 1914 the engineer on the steamship Sarnik invested \$1 in a \$500 pool, and won it all. That was a day, hour and minute pool. He guessed the time right to the minute. There are also many individual bets. The crowd gathers on the banks of the river and watch the pole. As the whistle blows the city goes mad."

The same betting goes on at Fairbanks. The time there is the exact minute the ice tears away the bridge across the Chena river in the heart of the town. It does that every spring, breaking the posts as though they were matchsticks. Among the bets of last year was one made at Tanana, where for \$100 dollar dinner to be given to the crowd. Tom McIsaac was the loser and he gave the dinner."

**Dark Days Wreck Nerves.**  
I find there is a difference of opinion as to the Alaska winters. All are not as enthusiastic about the delights of

the cold and the darkness as those I have quoted. "I tell you, the winters are awful," said one of the women of Fairbanks. "These people say they enjoy life when the thermometer is 20 or 20 degrees below zero, and that it is not cold. I tell you it is cold, although the still air does not make it so bitter."

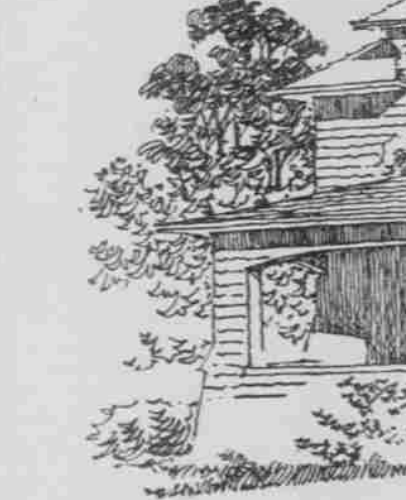
"When it is more than 20 below we women stay in the house, and the men as much as they can. We work by artificial light for the most of the day, and when spring comes every one is peaked and deathlike, and our complexions are pale. With the coming of the long days our color returns, and in summer we are as healthy and rosy as can be imagined."

And then the long, dark days rack your nerves almost to breaking. You get tired of yourself and your friends and want something new in the way of amusement. You sleep as long as you can and pay but little attention to hours. All your eyes are held late, and they often last far into the night. And then the trouble of entertaining! Every one has the same supplies, and the same canned stuffs to select from. You go to your pantry and look at the shelves in despair. It is hard to know what to serve."

**Difficult to Bury Dead.**  
Another Alaskan talked to me about funerals. Said he:

"It is difficult to bury your dead in a land where the prehistoric ice lies only two feet under the moss, and where you have to build fires to thaw the ice-frozen gravel beneath. In winter you sometimes have to chop the graves out of the ice. There is no use of brick walls or cement. The coffin is laid in its ice tomb, the earth shoveled back, and soon all is frozen solid again. The dead buried in the winter remain frozen for an indefinite period, and when taken up years later look just as in life. The ice has turned them, as it were, to statues of marble."

I close this letter with one of the effusions of a poet of the Klondike: A Dawson City mining man.



The artistic design here given is of a compact, well arranged home. It will look equally well built of shingles or brick or stucco. First floor contains reception hall, parlor, dining room and kitchen and there are three bedrooms, sewing room and bath on the second floor. All sleeping rooms contain closets.

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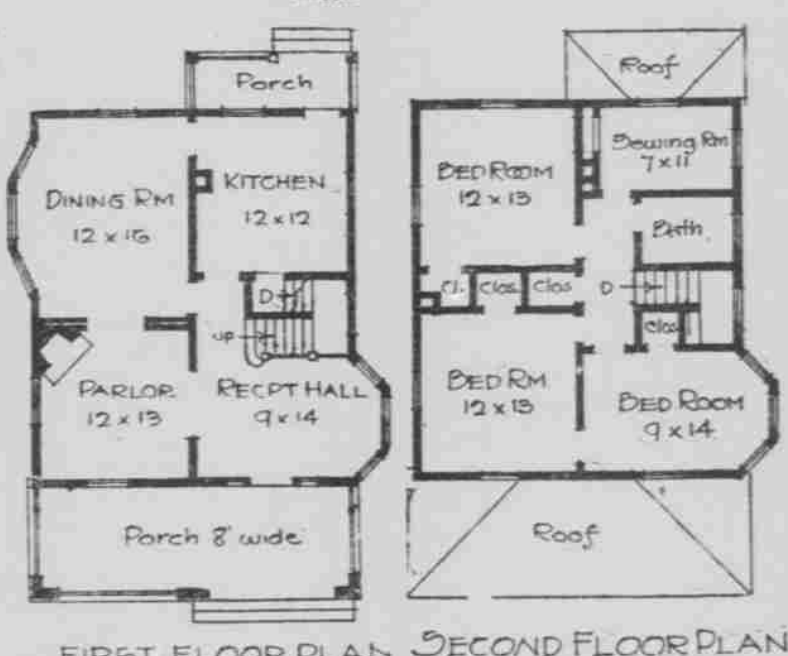
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**FIRST FLOOR PLAN SECOND FLOOR PLAN**

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## Industry Means Success

Most Persistent Hard Workers Are Most Successful In Affairs of Life.

BY MADISON C. PETERSON.  
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GENIUS flutters, flashes and often falls, while perseverance works, wears and generally wins. Perseverance built the pyramids of Egypt, encircled in adamant the Chinese empire, scaled the stormy cloud capped Alps, opened a gateway through the watery wilderness of the Atlantic, leveled the forests of a new world and reared in their stead this peerless republic.

What you must need is the will to rise. Outside help is your greatest curse. You must climb. You can't be shot up in an elevator. Sober, unassuming, a person really able 'who could man his heart.' Maria Mitchell, the well known astronomer, in the latter years of her life, in looking back upon her career said some 'time of only ordinary capacity, but of extraordinary persistence.'

Industry is the price of excellence in everything. The most persistent are almost invariably the most successful. As wind and waves are on the side of the best navigators, so success is ever on the side of the hard workers.

**Brougham Had Time for Everything.**  
Lord Brougham's indefatigable industry became proverbial. How in a career of upwards of 60 years he covered law, literature, politics and science, in all of which he achieved distinction was a mystery to admiring millions. One of his associates, requested to undertake some new work, exclaimed himself on the ground that he "had no time," but he added, "Go with it to that fellow Brougham, he seems to have time for everything."

The secret of it was, Brougham knew how to work and never left a moment unemployed. Such was his love of work, which became a habit, that no amount of application was too great for him and it was said of him that if his life station had been only that of a shore black he would never have rested satisfied until he had become the best shoe black in England.

Doing things better, no matter how trivial, commands success. Emerson says if you only make rat traps, make a better trap than any one else and you will find a beaten path to your door.

An old sculptor said of his carvings, when comment was made on his perfectly finished work: "The gods will see."

**No Lack of Work for Workers.**

There is no lack of work for the right sort of workers, no lack of opportunity for his wages, but there is a lack of time and women who do their work faithfully.

The quality you can put into work determines your salary. It does more; it determines the quality of your life. What you can put into your work is more than what you can get out determines your success or failure.

Wishywash work is stealing and no one can do honest work if he thinks only how much money can be gotten out of the job, instead of how much mischief can be packed into it.

The surest way to raise your salary is to increase your skill. Better Work Brings More Money. The more valuable you make your services to your employer by superior work, the bigger an asset you become. Your employer will make money out of you as you make yourself more valuable to him.

Salaries are increased to meet the growing value of men. In the long run the cream will show up on top in any establishment. Do as little as possible, give your employer pinched service, you will stay where you are and go through life half grown.

Some folks work harder seeming to work less than if they had done their best to give their employer the largest service possible.

Employers are looking for efficient and those who are employed in higher forms of occupation, at constantly increasing salaries, are the ones who are loyal to their employer, and who do their work surpassingly well.

same in. I refused to go when I heard that Lola Wilcox was going."

Frances was thinking rapidly. "I have a plan," she said finally, "but you must be willing to play the game, and not to cross when I tell you what it is."

Helen found an interesting story and Frances began to eagerly outline her plan of action.

Some Very Daring

Blacks and Whites

Helen Balks At Lola Wilcox.

"HOW would you like to get out of the city over Saturday and Sunday?" said Warren, coming home early to find Helen almost exhausted with the heat.

"Oh, Warren? can you get away early tomorrow?" Helen queried.

Warren had been staying late every Saturday afternoon for extra business and I can had steadfastly refused to leave the city when he could not join her week-ends at least.

"Sure I can. I'm going to take it off, no matter what comes up. I hate like the dickens to have you here in this terrible heat when you might just as well be away somewhere," he added, kissing her more tenderly than usual.

"I like to be here if it helps you any," Helen replied, catching his hand and holding it against her face for a second. "Well, what's the plan?" she said. "You look as if you had something up your sleeve."

"I have—and you'll be crazy about it. In fact, I told Tom we'd come, I was so sure you'd like the idea."

"Well, out with it, tell me everything. I suppose I am in for it," Helen rejoined, looking at her with a mixture of anxiety and relief from the city. She and Warren had motored out of town nearly every week-end, but their little laundries had been expensive and Warren had scrambled several times at the prices.

"Well, Tom dropped in this morning and said that he and Babine were making up a small house party for the week-end. He told me we simply had to accept so I proceeded to do so on the spot. He said she wouldn't take no for an answer."

"I'm so glad you accepted dear, nothing will please me better. Who is to be there?"

"Caro, of course, and the Garnetts are going out from Hempsford, and Jack Farwell and Rosamond, you remember him, don't you know you liked him so much the afternoon you met him at Frances' house?" And, oh, yes, Lola Wilcox is to be there."

Warren is insistent.

If Warren had explicated a bombshell he could not have roused Helen more anxiously to be there, and so that it would be impossible for her to draw back now. Helen was furious. She hardly knew how to contain herself for a moment, but she managed to maintain a silence that could almost be felt.

Warren smiled the paper he had opened unconsciously. Helen wondered if